

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1899.

NUMBER 50.

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**GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes,**  
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**HON. JOHN D. CARROLL**

**Writes an Interesting Letter on Politics,  
Pointing Out Dangers to the Party  
Should Hardin Be Defeated.**

The following letter from Hon.  
John D. Carroll, author of the  
Kentucky Code of Practice and ex-  
Chairman of the Democratic State  
Central committee, to Mr. Somers,  
was published in the Elizabethtown  
News:

New Castle, Ky., April 10, 1899.  
H. A. Somers, Esq.—Dear Sir: I  
often see in other papers extracts  
from your paper concerning the  
gubernatorial race and am glad that  
you are making such a strong and  
good fight for Gen. Hardin. I will  
cheerfully support either of the  
other candidates if nominated, but  
I feel that Hardin deserves and is  
entitled to the nomination and  
therefore I am earnestly for him.  
I confess that advocating his elec-  
tion I am largely influenced by my  
views on the money question, and  
confidently believe that the defeat  
of Hardin would be given out and  
accepted by the country as an evi-  
dence that in this state at least the  
cause of free silver is as dead as  
African slavery, as Mr. Watterson  
delights in putting it. In my judg-  
ment the money question—the  
cause of bimetalism—is and will  
continue to be the great question  
in this country until it is finally  
settled on the right lines; the mul-  
titude of trusts now forming are  
merely offshoots of the great mon-  
ey trust, and until this incubator  
in which they are hatched is des-  
troyed they will continue to spring  
into existence and menace the wel-  
fare and prosperity of our country.  
Hardin and Blackburn stand as  
the most conspicuous advocates in  
this state of the silver idea and  
the defeat of either would be a  
grievous blow to our cause.

I recollect very well that in 1895  
and '96 the public men of this  
state, with a few notable excep-  
tions, were hesitating and halting  
as to which side of this money  
question they should take—the  
voice of the people had not then  
been heard—powerful influences,  
both state and national, were ac-  
tively at work to swing Kentucky  
on the side of the so-called "sound  
money." The public man who  
dared to champion the cause of  
silver took his political life in his  
hands, and I repeat only a few had  
the courage to do it. Clear and  
strong in the midst of this confu-  
sion and uncertainty rang out the  
voice of Wat Hardin. In every  
speech both before and after his  
nomination he boldly and ably  
championed the cause of silver, and  
that it cost him many votes there  
can be no question. This country  
in my day has not witnessed such  
a civil contest, and it does seem to  
me nothing but common justice  
that men like Hardin and Black-  
burn should now reap the reward  
they so well earned in the trying  
days of '95 and '96 by their fearless  
advocacy of the cause of the peo-  
ple. In that critical period of our  
party history, when Hardin in every  
county in the state was proclaim-  
ing the great principles that after-  
wards found expression in the  
Chicago platform, Mr. Stone was  
in congress, where he could have  
rendered valuable aid to the cause,  
but it was a dangerous time for  
men in public life to take position  
against the federal administration  
and in opposition to the only great

newspaper in the state, and the re-  
cord shows that Mr. Stone has pub-  
licly declared in a carefully pre-  
pared speech that he would with-  
draw from the race if it could be  
proven that he ever voted for an  
issue of gold bonds—but of course  
he was only joking—because in  
addition to other similar votes that  
the Congressional Record discloses  
I have before me the Record of  
Feb. 14, 1895 (any person can get  
a copy by sending ten cents to the  
Public Printer, Washington, D.C.)  
and find in it a short, clean-cut  
resolution providing for the issue  
of bonds "to an amount not ex-  
ceeding \$65,116,275 bearing inter-  
est at a rate not exceeding 3% per  
annum, principal and interest pay-  
able in gold coin to the present  
standard of weight and fineness,"  
and voting for it is the name of  
Mr. Stone in company with such  
prominent and radical Republicans  
and gold men as Reed, Dingley,  
Brynum, Patterson and others, and  
protesting and voting against it  
were such Democrats as Bryan,  
Bland, McMillan and others.

Mr. Goebel did not claim to be  
a silver man in '95 or '96. I know  
it to be a fact that at the Lexing-  
ton convention, in May, '96, Mr.  
Goebel was a pronounced gold man  
and was recognized as the candi-  
date of the gold people for chair-  
man of the Democratic State com-  
mittee, and he was defeated solely  
because of this reason by Major  
Johnston. I repeat that if the sil-  
ver Democrats of the state were  
and are sincere to their belief, if  
they remember—as they certainly  
do—the great battle of '95 and '96,  
if the money question is still the  
greatest question—as it is—in Am-  
erican politics, then Hardin and  
Blackburn deserve the highest hon-  
ors that the Democratic party in  
this state can bestow.

Hardin's defeat in 1895 was not  
due to any lack of personal or po-  
litical popularity, his public and  
private life was then and is now an  
open, clean book and no man in  
the state would make a more hon-  
orable or popular executive. I  
knew it is urged that Gen. Hardin  
has been frequently honored by the  
party—this is true—and it is also  
true that he has at all times ren-  
dered valuable aid to the party,  
his services were never needed that  
he did not promptly and cheerfully  
respond, no matter where the place  
or what the occasion, whether it  
was easy or hard to get to or the  
contest a big or a little one, if the  
party needed him he went.

It is also said by some that his  
long connection with the adminis-  
tration at Frankfort will be hurt-  
ful to the party, but this will not  
be urged by any fair minded man  
with the facts before him. In 1895  
and for many years prior thereto  
and in every campaign the Repub-  
lican speakers and press had dinged  
it all over the state that they  
wanted to "see the books," that  
if they could get a look at the  
records they would discover all  
kinds of speculation and fraud on  
the part of Democratic adminis-  
trations, and by false pretenses  
and fraudulent representations of  
this character they secured many  
votes, and they have now had for  
more than three years full and un-  
disturbed control and possession of  
"all the books." They have search-  
ed them carefully and vigilantly,  
and not a cent have they been able  
to find misappropriated and not a

single item have they discovered  
that would reflect in the slightest  
degree upon the integrity of Har-  
din or any other state officer, so  
that there is absolutely nothing in  
the apprehension of some good  
Democrats that Gen. Hardin's con-  
nection with former administra-  
tions might injure his candidacy  
or the party.

The letter is already unreason-  
ably long, but I wish to add that  
the sentiment for Hardin in the  
two Commissioners' conventions  
that have been held demonstrates  
in a striking degree his strength  
and popularity with the people and  
the further fact that the Demo-  
crats do not intend to be diverted  
from the main issue by special  
pleas put up to advance the politi-  
cal fortunes of individual candi-  
dates.

I venture the assertion that the  
mass conventions to nominate dele-  
gates to Louisville will be more  
largely attended than any conven-  
tion ever held in this state. Gen-  
tlemen who fancied when they called  
mass conventions that country  
people would not ride to the court  
house will find they were mistaken.  
They will be there and nearly every  
court house and court yard in this  
state will at 2 o'clock on June 17th  
be filled with Free Silver Hardin  
Democrats. Yours,

JOHN D. CARROLL.

**Our Candidate.**

Our candidate, Judge Breck Hill,  
is making what appears to be a  
winning race for a place on the  
state ticket and the zeal of the ad-  
vocates of the various candidates  
for governor must not be allowed  
to injure his chances. Clark coun-  
ty must instruct for Hill and no-  
body but Hill. The delegates must  
be Hill's friends who will use all  
honorable efforts to secure his nom-  
ination. If a trial of strength be-  
tween Hardin and Stone must be  
had, and it now seems that it is  
inevitable, let it come on the or-  
ganization of the convention. Let  
Hardin's friends select a list of  
men who are friends to both Hill  
and Hardin and also select a can-  
didate for chairman. Let Stone's  
friends select a candidate for chair-  
man and also a list of delegates  
who are for Hill and Stone. Let  
these delegates, no matter which  
side wins, be instructed for Hill  
and no one else. If they are Har-  
din's friends they will vote for him  
for governor; if the Stone crowd  
wins they will vote for Stone for  
the head of the ticket. But let  
men be chosen who are for Hill  
first, and not men who are more  
interested in the gubernatorial race  
than in the success of our fellow  
townsman. This class of men might  
trade off their local candidate to  
help their choice for governor.  
Hill is Clark county's candidate,  
and let's do what we can to land  
him a winner.—Winchester Sun.

**Whooping Cough.**

I had a little boy who was nearly  
dead from an attack of whooping  
cough. My neighbors recommend-  
ed Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.  
I did not think that any medicine  
would help him, but after giving  
him a few doses of that remedy I  
noticed an improvement, and one  
bottle cured him entirely. It is  
the best cough medicine I ever  
had in the house.—J. L. MOORE,  
South Burgettstown, Pa. For sale  
by J. T. Day.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

**HARDIN IS CONFIDENT.**

**Says He Will Be Able to Organize the  
Convention Over Goebel's and  
Stone's Combined Strength.**

Gen. P. Wat Hardin, candidate  
for the Democratic nomination for  
governor, was in the city last night,  
stopping at the Phoenix. In con-  
versation with a Herald represent-  
ative he expressed great confidence  
in his chance for winning the Dem-  
ocratic nomination for governor.  
Eastern Kentucky he regards as  
almost solid for him. Mr. Goebel's  
strength, he thinks, lies in a few  
central counties and in his own.  
He believes that he will get more  
votes than Capt. Stone in the lat-  
ter's own district.

In his opinion he will come to  
Louisville with enough votes to  
give him the nomination, and will  
have sufficient strength to organ-  
ize the convention with Goebel and  
Stone in combination against him.  
He has been making his canvass,  
he says, mainly in the country  
districts, leaving the cities to take  
care of themselves, and the result  
has justified his expectations.

Asked as to what he thought of  
the reports of others entering the  
race, he said that he thought there  
was nothing in them. It was too  
late now, he said, for new men to  
enter the lists.

Gen. Hardin left last night for  
Mt. Sterling, where he speaks to-  
day. He will soon be in Lexing-  
ton to consult with his friends and  
address the citizens.—Lexington  
Herald, April —.

**Little Mules Versus Big Horses.**

There is no money in raising  
small mules. Unless a man has a  
mare large enough to bring a big  
mule there is no good business  
sense in raising any. It will be  
much better judgment to cross  
with a large, stylish stallion and  
raise something for which there is  
a big demand at paying prices.—  
Mt. Sterling Advocate.

Our farmers should heed the ad-  
vice contained in the above and  
avail of the opportunity they now  
have of breeding to a horse with  
both bone and beauty. We refer  
to the hackney stallion which is  
now at the stable of John H. Pie-  
ratt, and which we think fills the  
bill in every particular.

**Gen. Hardin's Speech.**

Gen. P. W. Hardin spoke to a  
large crowd at the opera house  
yesterday afternoon and fully sus-  
tained his reputation as a stump  
speaker. If any doubted that Gen.  
Hardin had legions of devoted  
friends in Clark county, these  
doubts would have been dispelled  
by the enthusiastic applause with  
which he was greeted. His speech  
strengthened his old friends and  
made new ones, and if nominated,  
Clark will do her full duty at the  
November election.—Winchester  
Democrat.

**The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.**

Thankful to the people of this and the  
surrounding community for their liberal  
patronage since I have been a practicing  
physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say  
to those who have paid me that I am  
ready to answer any or all professional  
calls night or day, and will take pleasure  
in doing so. But to those who have  
never paid me anything, I desire to say  
that I will take it as a special favor if  
you will pay me, at least a part of my  
bill, or else employ some other physi-  
cian, for I cannot afford to practice for  
you any more on promises. Now, if you  
don't mean to pay me what you owe me,  
for my sake and the sake of my children  
don't send after me.

With respect to all,  
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## DON'T WORRY.

Don't worry. In this tangled skein Of life, a worrying thought But complicates the kinks of pain And tightens up each knot. Make will the master of your mood. Through anxious fear and doubt, No peace, no pleasure, and no good Was ever brought about.

Don't worry. Do the best you can And let hope conquer care. No more is asked of any man Than he has strength to bear. The back is fitted for the load; Your burdens all were planned; And if you sing along the road Kind fate will lend a hand.

Don't worry. Fortune is a dame You have to woo with smiles. Whatever her mood you must not blame Nor criticize her wiles. Trust God in shadow and in sun, And luck will come your way. But never since old time began Has worry won the day. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.



## THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL H. HARBEN

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### SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls report of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington. Just then the clerk comes in to the great annoyance of the detective.

### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I might be able to give you a pointer or two," suggested the clerk. "I am a man that generally keeps his eyes and ears open, and for a small consideration I might—"

Hendricks nodded understandingly. "I'll send for you another time, you may be sure of that, and I always reward people who aid me, but just now—"

"I thought you might like to know that Miss Huntington is down in the ballroom, sir."

Hendricks smiled, expressed his thanks for the information and firmly closed the door.

"Persistentascal," he said. "I didn't want him to hear what you were about to say. Now, what was it?"

"I started to say that I have a sort of friend, a society man, who brings me all the club gossip worth mentioning, and I remember that there is considerable talk going on at present in the swell set to the effect that this Miss Huntington, who is prospectively a very rich heiress, has recently been informed by her lawyers that her Uncle Jacob Van Courtland, from whom she had expected to inherit several millions had—just before his death—willed her the money on the sole condition that she should marry Caruthers, to whom old Courtland felt in some way indebted. It has caused much comment, for it has been generally understood that Arthur Gielow, a painter of some reputation, but as poor as a church-mouse, was in love with her, and that she thought a lot of him."

"Ah!" muttered the detective, his eyes gleaming; "she liked the poor man best."

"It is said," went on Dr. Lampkin, "that her lawyers informed her of the condition in the will more promptly than they intended because her preference for Gielow was becoming noticeable. In fact, many believe she was on the point of becoming his wife."

The lines of Hendricks' brows ran together as if his beard, at which he was tugging, were a bunch of puckering-strings.

"And in case of the death of Caruthers?" he questioned.

"The will seemed to be equally explicit on that point," replied Dr. Lampkin. "The fortune was to be turned over to Miss Huntington at the end of two years if she was the wife of Caruthers. In the meantime, however, in case of the death of Caruthers she was to have the money anyway."

Hendricks took a deep involuntary breath.

"By Jove!" he cried, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "This is growing into magnificent proportions. It is interesting me doubly, for in case it is the artist who has committed the crime it cannot be my arch enemy, and at first I was inclined to attribute the whole thing to that mysterious genius."

Hendricks reflected a moment, his eyes on the most prominent figure in the rich carpet, then he added:

"Was there anything in the papers

about the row between the two men?"

"No, it was hushed up by the club people. It didn't amount to much and my informant did not learn all the particulars. The artist and his rival, who had the reputation of being something of a cad, and who is said to have been badly spoiled by his prospective marriage, were conversing in the smoking-room, which they occupied alone, when the servants in the adjoining lunch room heard their loud voices and went in just as Caruthers was slapping Gielow in the face and calling him a presumptuous pauper. Gielow hurled a bottle at the head of his antagonist, but by ducking Caruthers preserved his countenance, and the waiters separated them before further damage was done."

Hendricks' eyes swept over the room, resting on the open vase and the gressome member lying across its top, the large diamond on the ashen fingers sparkling in the rays of the gaslight. Filling an envelope with the ashes, he put it in his pocket.

"We must be going," he said. "The police, headed by that detective—Sergeant Denham—will be here in a minute. They are welcome to our find. I want to see Miss Huntington before the news reaches her. If I wait till she is dumfounded by all this horror, she'll close her lips. I saw Denham down there. He is a new man, a great pet of Capt. McKee's, but he is awfully fresh."

### CHAPTER III.

They had left the room and closed the door after them when they saw a man accompanied by two uniformed policemen step from the elevator.

Hendricks grunted contemptuously and quickly drew the door into a corridor leading off to the right.

"That's the way young detectives do it," he sneered. "Half a dozen people must have seen those blue uniforms ascend the elevator and are now wondering what's up. It won't be five minutes before the whole thing will be public property. Ye gods!" (as two young men turned a corner and rushed past them examining the numbers on the doors). "Reportorial vampires! Our clerk despaired of making anything out of me by holding his tongue and has sent these fellows up the rear stairs. They know the number of the apartment and they'll get there in time to report the whole bloody business in the morning. Gee-whillikins, won't the public have a royal feast?"

The two men managed to reach the office unobserved. Little groups of idlers were gathered here and there like eddies in the current of humanity that swirled through the great room. Every now and then some one would throw a horrified glance up at the main stairs as if expecting the reappearance of the policemen.

Hendricks was glad he was known by sight to only a few people, for it often enabled him to act with more freedom than he could otherwise have done. Doffing his soft hat, and carelessly brushing back his heavy hair, he stood in the doorway leading into the crowded ballroom. Signaling to a man who seemed to be a sort of floor manager, he said:

"I have an important message for Miss Huntington; can you point her out to me?"

The eyes of the man thus addressed swept over the swirling waltzers for a moment, then he said:

"There she is sitting with her aunt, Mrs. Winfret, on the divan under the palms."

"Thank you," said Hendricks, and to Lampkin's surprise, for he had considered his friend mortally averse to meeting ladies, the detective, gracefully avoiding whisking skirts and flying heels, made his way to where the two ladies were sitting.

"I beg your pardon," he began, addressing the younger of the two, an exceedingly beautiful young woman. "I trust you will pardon my boldness, but it is important that I should speak to you on a matter concerning your interests. I must take the liberty of introducing myself. Hendricks is my name. I am a private detective."

"Oh!" with that exclamation, the young lady stared helplessly at Hendricks for a moment, and then transferred the gaze of her long-lashed eyes to her aunt. Thus appealed to, Mrs. Winfret addressed the detective in a tone of no little astonishment:

"You wished to speak to us, sir?"

"On a matter of important business, and immediately, if possible."

"I—I hardly know what to say," she stammered, pushing the ice she had been cutting aside and giving her white skirt a pull towards her. "If you would call to-morrow—"

Hendricks smiled reassuringly.

"What I desired to say must be confided to you to-night. I thought as it was growing late that you might go home before long, and that I might perhaps see you there."

Mrs. Winfret colored slightly.

"I have no doubt that your request will prove to be reasonable in every way, but our escorts have just left the room for a few minutes, and—and your proposal is unusual, to say the least."

Hendricks cast a furtive glance at the office. Small groups had melted into large ones, and quite a crowd had gathered round the counter. It was plain to him that it would not be many seconds before the gay and giddy revellers would be horrified by the awful

report concerning a prominent member of their set.

"My request is decidedly unusual," he admitted, turning to the ladies and biting his lips, "but the matter is a very grave one, and you will appreciate my boldness when you have heard what I have to say. I must urge you to order your carriage at once. I shall follow you to your home. Surely, protected by your own servants you have nothing to fear from me—a servant of the public."

"But we have never seen you before," the lady began hesitatingly.

"Oh, aunt, don't say that," interposed Miss Huntington, completely winning the heart of the detective by her gentleness and rare beauty. "I have read so much of Mr. Hendricks' courtesy to ladies, and his bravery, that I absolutely fear nothing. It won't take us a minute," she added, smiling graciously on Hendricks. "I'll order the carriage and we will meet you at home in ten minutes."

Hendricks bowed like a cavalier and wended his way through the maze of dancers to the office, where he was joined by Lampkin.

"I presume it is out," were his first words.

"They are talking of nothing else," replied the doctor. "The excitement is raging. The proprietor has called in the police to prevent the crowd from going upstairs."

Hendricks peered into the ballroom. He saw the two ladies entering the cloakroom.

"I hope they will get to their carriage without hearing the news," he grunted. He led Lampkin outside, and they stood together near the ladies' entrance till he saw the coachman in the Huntington livery rein in his horses near the awning. A moment later Mrs. Winfret emerged in her flowing wraps, accompanied by her statuesque niece.

As soon as their carriage had rolled away Hendricks bounded across the sidewalk to an open hansom.

"Follow that carriage," he said, brusquely, to the driver, and he jumped into the cab and was followed by the doctor.

"All right, sir," said the driver, through the hole in the roof.

As they bowed away Hendricks looked up at the windows of Caruthers' rooms.

"Jamb full of sightseers!" he sneered. "Sergeant Denham is in his element. He is posing to that gang and gleating over his importance. If Captain McKee could see him now he wouldn't hold his job an hour."

The Huntington residence was on Fifth avenue, not half a mile from the hotel, and it required only a few minutes for the ladies to reach home. As Hendricks and his companion alighted, and were paying their fare, they saw the white-clad figures mounting the brown-stone steps to the cut-glass doors. A great stream of light flashed across the street as they were admitted. Mrs. Winfret went in last, and Hendricks saw her glance back at them nervously.

"We'll give 'em a minute to collect themselves," he said. "The old lady is very suspicious, but the young one is a brick, and by far the most beautiful creature that ever wore shoe-leather. Why, hang me if I ever dreamt such a being existed! When she turned that majestic Gibson head and neck, as I began to introduce myself, I wanted the earth to swallow me up. I felt so—so inadequate!"

Lampkin laughed. "I have never heard you express yourself like this," he said. "I had no idea you had even the germs of admiration for woman-kind in your make-up."

Hendricks seemed to be somewhat ashamed of his outburst.

"The lights have flashed up in the drawing-room on the right," he said, all business again. "Here goes."

### CHAPTER IV.

As the doors opened in response to their ring, the visitors saw four footmen in livery ranged against the wall, like guards before the Vatican. Hendricks, with an air that showed his unfamiliarity with just such a field of operation, gave his hat to the nearest man and, keeping on his overcoat, he walked straight into the drawing-room. Lampkin was more deliberate. He took off his overcoat, gave it and his silk hat to a lackey and came in and sat down quite as if he were expecting to be summoned to the boudoir of a wealthy patient.

Miss Huntington was a few steps in advance of Mrs. Winfret, as the two ladies entered through the folding doors from the rear.

"My aunt feels sorry of her hesitation just now, Mr. Hendricks," she began, with a genial smile; "but she is so much given to reading all the sensational news lately that she is constantly expecting some awful calamity to befall us. She is worried now with the fear that you may bring bad news. Her brother Alfred sailed two weeks ago for Africa, and we have only heard from him once."

"It is not concerning him that we desired to speak," said the detective, introducing Lampkin with commendable ease. "I won't keep you long. I have been informed that you are friends of Mr. Weldon Caruthers, and it is about him that I wanted to confer with you. To come to the point at once, I have reasons for being disturbed about his rather peculiar absence."

"But he is in Philadelphia," exclaimed Miss Huntington, in a tone which revealed no little relief over his explanation. She seemed to think the detective was laboring under some mistake which she could easily rectify.

"May I ask how you know that?" asked Hendricks, diplomatically.

Miss Huntington hesitated, and then, receiving the sanction of her aunt's glance, said:

"I had a letter from him only a few days ago. He had invited Count Bantini, an Italian nobleman, my aunt and myself to use his box at the Horse Show last night, and had taken the tickets away by mistake. Oh! I am sure he is all right, although his leaving was quite unexpected. I feel confident he will explain everything when he returns."

"Are you quite sure that letter was from him?" was the next question of the detective.

The young lady started and stared at Hendricks as if debating whether he could be in his right mind.

"I have never dreamt of its not being from him," she said, firmly. "I am sure I've no reason at all for doubting it."

Mrs. Winfret leaned forward, her angular form stiffening as if under some petrifying process due to the action of a startled state of mind.

"I am not sure of it, now I come to think over the matter," she remarked, giving each word a separate and distinct drop. "You remember, Dorothy, you said you could not forgive him for dictating the letter to a typewriter and not even signing it."

The young lady flushed at the personality, but she finally admitted that she had not exactly appreciated the manner in which the letter had been written, while she still held firm to the belief that it was genuine.

"Nothing could be easier than to forge a typewritten communication," suggested Hendricks, paying his way to more startling disclosures. "Have you the letter?"

"It is upstairs," said Dorothy, her tone betraying growing perturbation, despite her effort at calmness. "Come with me, aunt; we will return in a moment."

When they had quitted the drawing-room, Hendricks resumed his seat, and looked steadily at the doctor.

"I think I'll let it out," he said. "She can bear it. A blind man can see she isn't in love with the murdered man. It is the other patch in the red crazy-quilt that will turn her cheeks white and darken those great eyes."

"Oh, you refer to Gielow!" cried the doctor.

Hendricks shrugged his shoulders.

"It will doubtless strike her, as it will the police, in fact, as it will the public at large—that he is the one man in existence who would be likely to want Caruthers to send in his checks, as it were, especially as they had a row just prior to the committal of the deed."

"It certainly does look shaky for Gielow," admitted Lampkin.

"My one hope," said Hendricks, "is that Gielow does not needle-point his finger-nails. Few artists have time for such feminine rubbish."

"But Gielow is not a regular Bohemian," rejoined Lampkin. "He is most particular about his dress and is thoroughly conventional—a strict church-man and that sort of thing. His studio is said to be a marvelously attractive place where, during the season, he holds afternoon teas and musicales. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to hear that he manicured his nails."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### "Settle It."

Squire Masters, of Petersburg, Ill., an old friend of Lincoln, recently told an anecdote of the great president, one which shows how he practiced law: At one time before the civil war Squire Masters was threatened with a lawsuit. He went to Springfield, where Lincoln was located, and had a talk with him about the case. Lincoln told him that if he could not settle the case he would undertake the defense, but he urged his friend to make an amicable adjustment. "What'll you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?" said Mr. Masters. "Well," was Lincoln's reply. "It will cost you ten dollars, but I won't charge you anything if you can settle it between yourselves." The other party heard of the squire's visit to Lincoln, and agreed to settle.—Youth's Companion.

### Competition.

Down in Oklahoma there is a town where two rival bakers offer special inducements to attract custom. When Schmidt announces a cut in prices Dupont outdoes him in the matter of accommodation.

One day the French baker had this sign painted on the side of his house: "Seven loaves for twenty-five cents."

The German could not furnish more loaves for that sum without inviting bankruptcy to the feast, so appealed to the public in another way by putting in his window this startling notice: "On Saturdays customers' own vitals will be cooked."—Judge.

### A Dish to Be Eaten Upon.

Haskins—What do you get to eat at your boarding-house?  
Perkins—Oh! a little of everything.  
Haskins—Do you get hash, too?  
Up to Date.

### A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Revenge.—He—"I only married you out of pique." She—"I knew it. That was why I accepted you."—Philadelphia North American.

"If I fell in, Joseph, would you risk your life to save me?" "My precious, my life belongs to you; I could not risk losing anything of yours."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired the keeper of a menagerie. "No," said a visitor. "Who did your black-faced aunt elope with?"—Funny Cuts.

Strong Literary Tastes.—"Baby is so fond of books!" "Is she, indeed?" "Yes, you should see her. She's got so she can snatch a page out with either hand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For the Minstrels.—Bones—"In these new warships de sailors am gwine ter sleep in folding-beds." Tambo—"Fol de Lawd's sake! In folding-beds?" Bones—"Yes; in hammocks."—Puck.

She—"You used to say my slightest wish should be your law." He—"That's all right; but you are given to indulging in big wishes, which, you know, are quite another thing."—Boston Transcript.

"See here, young man," said the stern father, "if you don't come home earlier after this, I'll know the reason why." "Glad to hear it, governor; that will save all explanations on my part."—Tit-Bits.

The Savage Bachelor.—"Then you regard marriage as a civil contract?" asked the Sweet Young Thing. "No," answered the Savage Bachelor, "it's rather a contraction of civility."—Indianapolis Journal.

### ISOTHERMS.

A Few Facts About Isothermic Maps That Are Rarely Learned at School.

Here are some definitions of isotherms that appear in American text books of geography.

"Those lines which are drawn through places with an equal average of temperature are called isotherms. Isotherms are lines connecting places having the same mean temperature for particular periods, as the whole of the year, the winter or summer months, etc."

"If upon a map all places having the same mean temperature are connected by lines, such lines are called isothermal lines or simple isotherms."

"These definitions are part of the truth, but not the whole of it. It may be a great calamity, but the fact is that most boys and girls leave school with a misconception as to what an isotherm is, and they rarely find out in later years."

They all know that two elements, latitude and altitude, are the main elements in determining the mean temperature of a place; that the further a place is from the equator and the higher it stands above sea level the cooler the climate is. But they do not know that isothermic maps take into account only one of these elements and that is latitude. They eliminate the influence of altitude. The isotherm passing over the top of Pike's Peak does not show the mean temperature at the summit of the mountain, but what the mean temperature would be in that immediate neighborhood if the land instead of rising above the sea, stood at the level of Coney Island.

Do you see the reason for this? It may be easily explained. Most of the land does not rise so high above the sea that the temperature is greatly affected by altitude. To the majority of mankind, latitude is a far more important climatic element than altitude. Now the effects on temperature of both latitude and altitude cannot well be shown on one map; and isothermic maps were devised to show the effects of latitude and some other elements, such as position near the sea or in the far interior.

An isothermic line, therefore, does not show the actual mean temperature of a place on it unless that place is at sea level. But it is easy to deduce from the isotherm the actual mean temperature of a place if we know its elevation above the sea. How this is done is very clearly explained by Dr. H. R. Mill, the British geographer, as follows:

"The air grows cooler by 1 degree Fahrenheit for every 250 feet of elevation above sea level, but isothermic lines show the sea level temperature. In using isothermic maps we must therefore remember that places 600 feet above the sea level have a temperature 2 degrees lower than the isotherms indicate; places 6,000 feet above the sea, 22 degrees lower; those 12,000 feet above the sea, 48 degrees lower, and the mountain slopes 18,000 feet above the sea no less than 66 degrees lower than the sea level temperature shown by the isotherms. This accounts for the fact that none of the important towns in the temperate zones is situated more than 2,000 feet above the sea, while in the tropics they are built at great elevations as 8,000 or 10,000 feet."

Weather charts are an exception to this rule. They record the actual thermometrical readings at the points of observation.—N. Y. Sun.

### Isn't a Successful Loser.

Nobody is more at sea than a hard working man trying to look comfortable loafing.—Washington (la.) Democrat.



**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Just Lovely.**  
Mrs. Brown—I was in the new drug store today. It's just lovely.  
Mrs. Jones—Yes?  
"Yes, they have six different shades of pills!"—Detroit Journal.

Some persons have done a great deal to run down cyclists and, on the other hand, some cyclists have done a good deal to run down other persons.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Is it right to call a camera acquisitive because it insists on taking everything in sight?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Covetousness turns a man out of the warmth of his own house to stand shivering on his neighbor's doorstep.—Ram's Horn.

A doctor and undertaker walking together expect to attract attention, and they always do.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Only a sprain? You may be a cripple. St. Jacobs Oil cures, sure.

It is surprising how well a homely girl looks in a picture.—Atchison Globe.

**It Hangs On**

If it was only health, we might let it cling. But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.

And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

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loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang

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## ALWAYS ATTENDED FUNERALS

### The Strange Habit of a Queer Little Chicago Woman and Her Grandchild.

For years there lived on the West side a little woman with bright, sharp eyes and an expressive face. Her step was slow and her shoulders bent, for she was long past the beauty of youth and the glory of middle-aged womanhood. Her small crepe bonnet was placed on perfectly arranged hair. Her black gown was trimmed with bands of crepe, and she always wore a soft black shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders. She was never seen alone, but always with her grandchild, a wee girl who called her "grandma." Few knew who the woman was or who was the child, or where they lived, but both were known to all of the prominent ministers on the West side, as well as to the undertakers and funeral directors. For years there was not a prominent funeral in that end of town but the little woman and her grandchild were in attendance. If there was really no choice in funerals they attended the one where their favorite minister prayed. But no matter who the dead had been or who the minister was in charge, or what the weather, the little woman and the child went to a funeral every day. Some West side preachers say they did not preach a funeral service in years without first shaking hands with the little woman and her grandchild, for they were always present. Some of the choir boys learned to know them and to speak and the funeral directors grew so accustomed to their presence at services for the dead that they invariably reserved two seats in a carriage for them to ride out to the cemetery. Arriving at the cemetery, the woman and child would wander off hand in hand to some place near by, and, seated on a grave, would unwrap a package of luncheon, which they would spread out over the grave picnic fashion. When the carriages drew up for the mourners to return the little woman and the child would mingle with the rest and return to the city. That was all; no display of grief, no comments, but always that dignified silence and constant attendance. Some people tried to learn why they went to funerals, and who they were, but they never seemed to comprehend that there was anything unusual or mysterious in their manner, so no one ever found out.

Two weeks or so ago there was a large funeral on the West side that neither the woman nor child attended. The minister missed them, and thought there must be a large funeral somewhere else. The funeral director reserved the seats in the carriage, but the woman and child did not come to occupy them. The church janitor saved for the child a rose that had fallen from the casket, but she was not to be found. Nor was she seen until a few days ago. She entered the church alone. Her dark frock had a fresh band of crepe and she wore a new feather and a flower in her hat. Her rosy face looked thin and her eyes were unusually dark and brilliant. The minister said, as he shook hands with her: "Where is your grandmother, my dear?"

For a moment the child was silent. Then she broke into a torrent of weeping. "Grandma's dead," she cried. "She died the last night we got home from the last funeral."—Chicago Chronicle.

## LONG-SUFFERING TEACHER.

### No Nobler Army of Martyrs Ever Marched to the Chamber of Torture.

"Of the long-suffering teachers I can hardly trust myself to speak; no nobler army of martyrs ever marched to chambers of torture. Said one: 'I begin the weekly reports Monday before the lessons are recited, else I should never have them ready by Friday night.'"

"I have seen teachers carry home piles of manuscript to be corrected, often spending Saturday and Sunday at their desks. Most dismal of tasks; no wonder the professional reader of manuscripts goes crazy. Said another: 'I am so tired that I do not go to church. Unless I lie around and rest on Sunday I cannot be ready for Monday. It seems that to teach anything we must know everything. We have to write essays on subjects that do not touch our studies, and there are the long meetings and the institutes.'"

"What about the institutes?" I asked. It was at the close of one of the hottest days of our tropical summer.

"We must meet and hear compositions on basic thoughts, cosmic entities, the concept of ideality; and Mr. Nobody, from Nowhere, reads 'Locksley Hall.'"

"Can't you read 'Locksley Hall' for yourself?"

"Yes, if I had a chance. My back ached so that I could not listen, and sometimes I am so hurried I feel as though I should lose my wits."

"At one time there was a regulation that teachers should stand during recitation. When a number had dropped on the floor the order was revoked."—Mrs. Lew Wallace, in Ladies' Home Journal.

**Paradoxical.**  
The individual who is compelled to live entirely on sweets soon sours on them.—Chicago Daily News.

**Aged Woman Rides a Bicycle.**  
Probably the oldest living bicyclist is a woman in County Essex, England, aged 83, who is an adept rider and whose sprightliness is astonishing. Most people could enjoy health until very old age if they took proper precautions to prevent diseases of the digestive organs by taking an occasional dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Even after dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and constipation have secured a foothold and become chronic, the Bitters will afford speedy relief.

**On the Ice.**  
"Did you fall?" asked the officious one of the man who had slipped on the ice. "Fall!" roared the man witheringly; "no! I merely sat down to think over this expansion question."—Philadelphia North American.

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**Her Idea.**  
He—You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man?  
She—Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.—Illustrated American.

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That's what this new corn cost. Yields 313 bushels per acre. Big Four Oats 250 bushels—Salzer's Rape to pasture sheep and cattle at 25c per acre yields 50 tons; potatoes \$1.20 per bu. Bromus Inermis, the greatest grass on earth; Barless Barley 60 bushels per acre; 10 kinds grasses and clovers, etc.

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**Rare.**  
Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It's the very latest thing out. Mrs. Roundtree (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only as a curiosity.—Illustrated American.

**Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.**

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There are too many of us who imagine that an ironed resolution, born every few hours, is all there is to being economical.—Atchison Globe.

Florida is America's Winter Garden. No Ice. No Snow. Conveniently reached from all points via Plant System. For particulars write L. A. Bell, 205 Clark Street, Chicago.

The man who pleases nobody is really more lovable than the man who tries to please everybody.—Town Topics.

It is not the carpenter with the most tools who is the finest workman.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

A center shot. St. Jacobs Oil strikes Sciatica and it is killed.

Biscuit making as practiced by some women is hard work.—Chicago Daily News.

Keep on, you'll learn the best cure for Neuralgia is St. Jacobs Oil.

"Dear me," thought the new fence, "I must get a new gait on me."—Golden Days.

Surely the best thing out is St. Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism.

The wages of sin defies alike the hard times and monopolies.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say a word in praise of your Vegetable Compound. I used three bottles of it when I was pregnant, and labor was not nearly as long as it was with my other babies; and my baby is so healthy to what the others were. I think every woman should use your Compound when pregnant, it will save them so much suffering and misery. I cannot say enough in praise of it. If ever I need medicine again, I shall use your Compound."

The most successful tonic known to medicine for women approaching maternity is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a safeguard for every woman who uses it, and the fullest benefit comes from its use with Mrs. Pinkham's advice freely offered to all women. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am a great believer in your Compound. I was almost despairing of ever again being well, as I was a great sufferer, and had been for years. I suffered from womb trouble, and had terrible blind fits. After writing to you I tried your Compound. The result was astonishing. I have used it and advocated it ever since. In childbirth it is a perfect boon. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light, so that all women would read, and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings."

A Million Women have been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

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1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan	19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted
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3 Scissors, 4 1/2 inch, good steel	21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best qual.
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality	25 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools
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9 Stamp Box, sterling silver	27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	28 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade	29 Revolver, Colt's, best quality
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel	30 Rifle, Winchester, 16-shot, 22-cal.
13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver	31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammerless, stub twist
14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	32 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	33 Bicycle, standard make, ladies' or men's
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch	BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each.
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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : May 4, 1899

FOR GOVERNOR,

**P. WAT HARDIN,**  
OF HARRODSBURG.

## +ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

THE many friends of Robert Anderson, of Lee City, a well-known cattle dealer and general trader of this section, will read with regret that he recently had the misfortune to lose his eyesight in one night. After a few days he partially recovered his sight, but unfortunately, about that time indulged in drink, and has since been totally blind. Bob Anderson is one of the best citizens in this county, but unfortunately is addicted to the drink habit occasionally—his only flagrant fault so far as we know—and his misfortune should be the means of stopping others in their spreeing. But will it? Not likely, because every man thinks he is proof, and is prone to patronize the propensity. The sage of Avon never uttered a triter truism than "What fools we mortals be," tho' some of us fail to see it. Bob has our sympathy in both cause and effect, and we sincerely hope that he may soon recover his eyesight and "see his way clear" to in future steer clear of the cause, at least. Its a poor fool indeed who can not advise for good, but he is smart who takes it. "Damn drink" is a suggestion we have a long time had in mind for a sermon from our old colored friend and divine? Peter Vinegar, of Lexington, but like John Garner's vaccination for the law it would probably not take, for every time we see him he hails us with the greeting: "Mornin', boss; Mars Spence, could you give us a dime to get a dram." Yes, "in course, be gad, he's a sinner in the streets and a saint in the sanctuary," But there are lots of his sort, my sanctified sister. Hence it can be no sacrilege to suggest "Damn Drink" as a companion to his other characteristic sermons, "Its a Damn Hot Day," "Watch Dat Snake," etc. Besides, our suggestion would suit Walter Hurt, of the Gatling Gun, for its ring of rhetoric, and since we come to think its symphony should suit Soule Smith, whose frent name please pronounce soo-lay. After all, however, our excuse for making this an editorial is explained in the fact that Gen. Hardin and John B. Chenault are so far ahead in their respective races that we must needs find relief from the monotony.

I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have used all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found one remedy that has been a success as a cure, and that is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.—P. E. GRISHAM, Gaars Mills, La. For sale by J. T. Day.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

## Hardin Is Entitled To It.

The fact that P. Wat Hardin will be the next Democratic candidate for the governorship of Kentucky is a pleasing exhibition of the backbone of the party in that state.

During the gubernatorial contest of three years ago the Democracy of Kentucky was made the victim of the most unprincipled political conspiracy which was ever consummated in the United States.

To placate the foes of Democracy, the state convention which had nominated P. Wat Hardin for the governorship, threw out a sop to Clevelandism by a few words of perfunctory indorsement.

Hardin conducted agallant fight, but under the opposition of a vigilant Republican party, aided by the Cleveland administration claquers, he was defeated, not, however, without having polled the largest Democratic vote ever cast in the state.

Now, that the conspiracy has been fully disclosed and the agents of betrayal have been scattered, it is but right that the man who so gallantly led the party three years ago should be called upon to lead it again, and this time to assured victory!—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Sunday at the Christian church the topics for sermons will be: 11 a. m., "Our Past in the Evangelization of the World," and at 8 p. m., "The Design and Subject of Baptism." To both services all are invited.

## For Mothers!

THE discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

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has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

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We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

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Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Feckheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

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Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

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100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth \$1.50.

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I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

## LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torren I have opened nearby two first-class live stables, where I will keep buggies, and horses and hacks for hire at all times. I sons wishing a vehicle to meet them McCausey can telephone me and have a desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly for hire to drummers, which will be charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torren with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in supplying water for them whenever desired.

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## WOMAN IN THE HOME

### Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Trials of Wives and Mothers.

Lessons from the Story of Mary and Martha—Annoyances of Home Life Are Steps to High Reward.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage seems to open all the doors of home life and rouses appreciation of work not ordinarily recognized; text, Luke 10:40: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me."

Yonder is a beautiful village home-stead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha, of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sister set back the disarranged furniture, arrange their hair and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly appareled themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then with affected surprise come out and pretend not to have heard the two or three previous knockings say: "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies and always presentable, although, perhaps, they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best. Otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master. Come in and be seated." Christ brought a company of friends with Him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn."

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toil, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha sweaters before the fire. It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry, and He did not often have luxurious entertainment. Alas, if all the responsibility of that entertainment had rested with Mary, what a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scolded herself and, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I would rather have Him scold me than anybody else bless me. There was nothing acerb in the Saviour's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get Him something to eat, and he appreciated her kindness, and He practically said: "My dear woman, do not worry. Let the dinner go. Sit down here on this couch beside your younger sister Mary. Let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door I look in to-day, and I see a great many household anxieties, and about them I am going to speak of the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by His grace.

As I look into that door, in the "best place, I see the trial of nonappreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue, just as now men having annoyances of store and factory and shop or at the stock exchange come home at night and hear of some household annoyance, and they say: "Oh, that's nothing! You ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or one hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." Oh, man, let me tell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be

health officer, police and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit down in the armchair of the library all day without any anxiety, or tarry on the belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon servants who have large wages and great experience, but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of housekeepers, to whom life is a struggle, and who at 30 years of age look as though they were 40. The fallen at Chalons and Ansterlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country and look over the epitaphs on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing," and the weapon with which she was killed was a broom or a sewing machine or a ladle.

The housewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? What if the clock stop? What if the marketing has not been sent in? No matter that; it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? They must be ready. Then you have the duty of the day or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmarketable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fastidions have changed?

The house must be an extemporized apothecary's shop or dispensary. There must be relief for all styles of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. O man of business, if you had as many cares as that you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum! If Martha make under such circumstances an impatient rush on the library or the drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. Oh, my sister, though my words may not arouse in many souls any appreciation of your toil, let me assure you from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha that he appreciates all your trials from garret to cellar, and the God of Deborah and Miriam and Abigail is the God of the housekeepers! Christ never married, that He might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blundered. Christ was married. The Bible says the church is "the Bride, the Lamb's wife," and that makes me know that a woman has a right to go to Christ with all her annoyances and perplexities and fatigues, for by his oath of conjugal fidelity He hath sworn to sympathize. George Herbert put the thought in three or four verses, quaint and peculiar, but strong, and in one verse saying:

Thy servant by this clause makes a drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws makes  
this and the action fine.

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous surroundings was called downstairs to help in the absence of the servant, and there was a ring at the bell, and she went to the door, and an admirer entered. He said: "I thought I heard music in the house. Was it on the piano or the harp?" She said: "Neither; it was a frying pan accompanying to a gridiron! In other words, I was called downstairs to help. I suppose some time I shall have to learn and I have begun now." When will the world learn that every kind of work that is right is honorable?

As Martha opens the door I look in, and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it either under the greater or less stress of circumstances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to enjoin severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make five dollars do the work of seven dollars. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state to her mother. The mother answered: "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Can't you get along with 50 cents?" You are always

wanting a dollar." This 30 years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outgo within the income, has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such it is a part of the Divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be just to open the front windows, and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked 50 times from the barrel in the pantry, like the barrel of Zarephath, the barrel would be full, and the children's shoes would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—40 years.

Oh, my friends, all these trials and fatigues of home life are to prepare you for Heaven, for they will make that brighter in the contrast! A dying soldier was asked by a friend: "Have you any message to send to your father?" "Yes," said he. "Tell him I have gone home." "Well," said the friend, "have you any message to send to your wife?" "Yes. Tell her I have gone home." "You have other friends. Would you like to send a message to them?" "Yes. Give them the same message; they will all understand it. Tell them I have gone home." And that heavenly home will compensate, will fully atone for all the hardships and the trial and the annoyances and the vexations of the earthly home. In that land they never hunger, and consequently there will be no nuisance of catering for appetite. In that land of the white robes they have no mending to do, and the air of that hilly country makes them all well. No rent to pay there; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change to step into the chariot of the skies if on earth you rode. It will not be so great a change if on earth you had all the luxuries and satisfactions. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life if on earth you had a country seat.

But, oh, the joy for the weary feet when they step into the celestial equipage, and, oh, the joy of those to whom home was a martyrdom on earth when they go into that home where they will never have to do anything that they do not want to do! What a change from the time she put down the rolling pin to the time she took up the scepter! If Chatsworth park and the Vanderbilt mansion were lifted into the Celestial City, they would be looked at as uninhabitable rockeries, and Lazarus himself would be ashamed to be seen going in or out of them, so great are the palaces awaiting all God's dear children, and so much grander the Heavenly architecture than the earthly. It is often not only the toil of the housekeeping, but it is the sickness and the sorrow that go along. It is a simple fact that one-half of the women of the land are invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache nor a pain may consider household work of no very great weariness, and at the eventide may skip out to the fields and drive the cattle home, and until ten o'clock at night may fill the cabin with laughing racket, but, oh, to do the hard work of the household with a shattered constitution—after six weeks' whooping cough has raged in the household, making the nights as sleepless as the days, then it is not so easy. And then this work of the house has often to be undertaken when the nerves are shattered with some bereavement that has put desolation in every room of the house and sent the crib into the garret because its occupant has been lashed into a slumber that needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, it was a great deal easier for her to brood the whole flock than to brood a part of them, now that her departed children are in the bosom of a loving God, but, motherlike, she will brood both flocks, putting one wing of care over the flock in the house, putting the other wing of care over the flock in the grave. Nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ can take a woman happily through home trials. All these modern religions amount to nothing. They do not help. They do not comfort when there is a dead babe in the house. Away with them and give us the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ, that has comforted so many in the days of sorrow and trouble!

Romance and novel may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together and by the fact that when it is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of household affairs are not matters of anxiety or repression, but merriment. The loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custard and jaundiced and measly biscuits! Oh, it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after awhile the romance is all gone, and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors, and cannot be baked in any ordinary oven. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from Heaven. Fruit from the tree of life and sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it.

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home; no man can be happy with two wives, much less with 700, and out of his wretched experience he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings by their indigestion have lost empires, and generals through indigestion have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of 1,000 unmarried men 30 were criminals, and out of 1,000 married men only 18 were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal, welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility!

That woman sits in the house of God to-day perhaps entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and ever and anon there is a panic. God knows the anxieties and the care, and He knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts waiting for the distillation of the Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure and will until God and the judgment right their wrongs. "Oh," says some sister, "are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only kind of life worth living. That has been the life of Florence Nightingale; that was the life of Edward Payson; that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves—are they happy? Find me one. I will give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy—no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice! We all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure—how much would we risk—for others?

A very rough schoolmaster had a poor lad that had offended the laws of the school, and he ordered him to come up. "Now," he said, "you take off your coat instantly and receive this whipl!" The boy declined, and more vehemently the teacher said: "I tell you, now, take off your coat—take it off instantly!" The boy again declined. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that in his cruel home—but it was for shame. He had no undergarments, and when at last he removed his coat there went up a sob of emotion all through the school as they saw why he did not wish to remove his coat and as they saw the shoulder blades almost cutting through the skin. As the schoolmaster lifted his whip to strike a resolute, healthy boy leaped up and said: "Stop, schoolmaster; whip me! He is only a poor chap; he can't stand it; whip me!" "Oh," said the teacher, "it's going to be a very severe scourging! But if you want to take the position of a substitute you can do it." The boy said: "I don't care. Whip me. I'll take it. He's only a poor chap. Don't you see the bones almost come through the flesh? Whip me." And when the blows came down on the boy's shoulders this healthy, robust lad made no outcry. He endured it all uncomplainingly. We all say "Bravo!" for that lad. Bravo! That is the spirit of Christ! Splendid! How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish, will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ, for in all our occupations and trades and businesses, and all our life, home life, foreign life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

#### When the World Will End.

Sir Robert Ball says the world will come to an end when the waters of the sea break through a thin spot, which must exist somewhere, and come in contact with the raging fires within the globe. This seems rational enough when one recalls the explosion they had over in the Indian ocean some years ago, which sent a tidal wave around the globe and absolutely engulfed an island or two.

#### Longest Head of Hair.

The woman who is said to possess the longest head of hair in the world is Mercedes Lopez, a Mexican. Her height is five feet, and when she stands erect her hair trails on the ground four feet eight inches. The hair is so thick that she can completely hide herself in it. She has it cut very frequently, as it grows so quickly, enabling her to sell large tresses to hair dealers every month.

#### A Talented Nizer.

"I can't understand Prof. Whackem's great popularity as a lecturer." "That's easy; the women enjoy his hits at the men and the men enjoy his hits at the women."—Chicago Record.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

On his own statement the professional fee of the late Sir William Jenner amounted to \$65,000 a year.

"Mrs. Wales and Jaegers" is the entry made by the princess of Wales in the visitors' book at a country inn, where she once stopped for luncheon.

Princess Henry of Battenberg was the first of living members of the royal family to take up cycling, her mount being at that time a tricycle, and she was the last to learn to ride upon the more fashionable two-wheeled machine.

John Knight, a negro of Guatemala City, Guatemala, who was born a slave in 1844, in Talaposa county, Ala., is one of the wealthiest citizens of the country of his adoption. His wealth is estimated at over \$4,000,000, and most of it was made in the culture and sale of fruit and coffee.

Officials in Cumberland county, Pa., find tramp-farming profitable. The sheriff receives a fee of nine cents per day for boarding each tramp. The constable is paid \$1.75 for each arrest, and the magistrate \$1.50 for the commitment. The tramps are committed for 30 days, and are promptly rearrested upon their discharge.

A Boston woman wrote to an agent of the five civilized tribes in Indian territory asking him for half a dozen Indian names which she wished to bestow upon household pets. He sent the names of Denis P. O'Flannagan, John Brown, Silas P. Smith, J. Q. Scott, Samuel Benton and Asa P. Longfellow, all prominent Indians of that region.

A Cleveland lady, who was about to cross a crowded thoroughfare of that city, politely asked the assistance of a gentleman who stood beside her, and who carried a heavy cane. He politely assented, and she took his arm. After they had crossed the street she earnestly thanked him. "Madam," he said, "I fear you overvalue my protection, because I am blind."

#### A SPANISH GUNBOAT.

Ended Chief Officer McCarthy's Start for the Klondike in a Pilot-Boat.

Tacked to the wall in the stateroom of Chief Officer McCarthy, of the troopship Grant, for Manila, is a photograph of a two-masted schooner, with a party of men and women gathered at the stern. In the center of the group is Mr. McCarthy.

"See you are interested in that photograph," he remarked to a reporter he invited to his stateroom a day or two before the Grant sailed. "It is a picture of the schooner yacht Aceta and party, taken last spring just before we sailed for the Klondike. Our course lay around Cape Horn, a long trip, you see. Aceta was rather small for such work—she had been a pilot-boat—and there were a number of women aboard, so the papers said a good deal about us when we started. I suppose the people who read of our going have forgotten us or think we are still on the way; but we are not by a long shot. I'm here, as you see, and the others—well, heavens knows where they are."

"And we got away in great shape, too. We had a fine passage down the coast, and were in such a hurry that we left most of South America to the north-west of us before we thought of stopping. We had kept well out to sea and hadn't spoken a single craft. We needed some fresh water and other things, and decided that Buenos Ayres would be a good place to stretch our legs on shore. And so, with old glory waving at the masthead, we started to enter the harbor. A British tramp hailed us."

"Schooner ahoy there!" he shouted. "You'd better haul down those colors!"

"Why?" I asked, wondering what he was getting at.

"Well, there's a Spanish gunboat in the bay, that's all."

"And what is that to us?" I answered.

"What is that to you? Great Scott, how long have you been out? Don't you know that you are at war with Spain?"

"That was the first we had heard of it. We had almost forgotten about the Maine excitement. When the women got wind of the war and the Spanish gunboat you can guess that they made a time. They seemed to have an idea that the Spaniards were a lot of pirates. I wasn't very anxious to fall into their hands myself, and that flag came down pretty quick. It was necessary that we should make port, though, and I decided to try to sneak in. We rigged up an imitation French flag, and with that on our masthead we waited past the Spanish gunboat as brazen as you please. It was only after we had come to anchor within three miles of shore, and were, therefore, under the protection of the laws of a neutral port, that they learned who we were, and, of course, we would have been nabbed if we had ventured out on the high seas again. We couldn't tell how long the war might last, and didn't fancy taking up our residence in Buenos Ayres, so I sold the Aceta at a loss, and we came back on an English ship. The others scattered, and I shipped as navigating officer on a transport. And that was the end of my trip to the Klondike around Cape Horn."—Chicago Inter Ocean.



### Regardless of Age.

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering, and deaths than any other organs of the body.

A majority of the ills afflicting people today is traceable to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are unmistakable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply.

Uric acid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing poisoned and germ filled blood. Sometimes the heart acts badly, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in the urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form of kidney trouble.

All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. It has a world-wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at 50 cents or \$1. You can have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery, Swamp Root, and a book telling all about it, both sent to you absolutely free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

### COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

#### SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

Harrison Swango attended court at Campton last week.

Mrs. O. H. Swango, of your town, gave the Springs a call Friday.

Say, Uncle Remus, if the birds all froze, how is it that the insects did not freeze, too?

Quite a number of the young people of Hazel Green came out Saturday and had their pictures taken among the rugged cliffs of rocky hill, which is quite a picturesque scenery.

The click of the cornplanter intermingled with the voices of the warbling birds; the gurgling croak of the frogs with a chorus of whon, gee, from the plowboy is greeting the ears of the busy farmer this week, and no sweeter music than this that nature gives can touch the tender chords of the hardworking farmers' heart in the spring.

Mr. Shiner, let me shake hands with you on the paragraph in your last letter, to the correspondents. I, too, heartily appreciate the wide space that is given us in the "dear old HERALD" for the little news that we gather from the different neighborhoods of the country, like the sun gathers the little drops of water to cover the wide expanse of earth. May none of we correspondents be guilty of blotting up its spotless pages with nonsensical stuff, as some may do, but all work for the honor and success of THE HERALD.

#### MORGAN COUNTY.

##### MIZE MITES.

Corn planting is the order of the day.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Pack, a boy.

S. S. Oldfield is improving very slowly.

Miss Fanny DeBusk was here on Saturday.

Jobey Ross is very ill at his home on Grassy.

Kelly Murphy's little boy has a case of whooping cough.

L. C. Caskey had a fine horse to choke to death on shell oats last week.

Old Aunt Pop Bruner is visiting Aunt Betty Rose and family this week.

Aunt Lila Long, of Clifty, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lula Little near this place.

Miss Nannie Fields is weaving herself a carpet at the residence of her brother Joe's.

Therewas quite a crowd of young folks at the Mill Pond fishing Saturday evening. About 22, I think.

Deputy United States Marshal Jim Blair and others arrested Kiah

Smart the other night and cut up his still. The boys will have to go elsewhere to get a dram or go dry.

A wedding took place on Long branch Wednesday, the 26th, at 11 o'clock. Miss Sarah J. DeBusk was married to John May, of the Flatwoods, Rev. Harlan Murphy officiating.

May 1.

#### Gen. Hardin's Speech.

Gen. P. Wat Hardin spoke at the opera house Monday afternoon in the interest of his candidacy to one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in this city to hear any speaker. The enthusiastic demonstrations of the vast crowd showed that they were in full accord with the speaker. The speech had been previously announced for the court house, but, despite the down-pour of rain, it would not accommodate half of the people who came to hear the speaker, and an adjournment was had to the opera house, which was in a few minutes filled to overflowing. For nearly two hours he discussed the political issues of the day in a clear, forcible, but conservative manner, without a word of abuse for any one, and called upon any one in the audience to ask any questions about any issues that had been raised, or any charge that had been made against him. If anybody ever entertained a doubt of this being a Hardin county they do not now doubt it. A number of men went to hear Gen. Hardin speak who were against him, and others who had not made up their minds, and came away supporters of Gen. Hardin.—Winchester Sun.

Dr. Mason Kash last week lost an open face silver watch with gold hinges and other similar trimmings. He thinks he lost it between Lee City and the Frozen hill top, and will give a liberal reward for its return to this office or himself, or for information leading to its recovery.

Willie H. Pierattwill on Monday leave for Torrent, where he will assist in invoicing the store of J. T. Day at Torrent, and his two stores at Dundee and Zachariah. He will be absent about a month, and young ladies who wish to write him may address him at Torrent.

**WAGES OF SIN**

A Book for Young and Old.

OUR RECORD  
Est'd 1878  
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DISEASED  
MEN  
CURED

WE CURE  
NERVOUS  
BLOOD  
SKIN &  
PRIVATE  
DISEASES

**250,000 CURED**

**YOUNG MAN** Have you sinned when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril? Did you later on in manhood contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Have you married in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." If married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been drugged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISSIONS, VARIOUSLY, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER diseases.

**CURES GUARANTEED**

"The Wages of Sin" sent free by enclosing 25 stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

**DRS.**  
**KENNEDY & KERGAN**  
122 W. FOURTH STREET,  
CINCINNATI, O.

The thing for every month of every year is

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Languor, debility, a "dragged-out" condition, and a general lassitude summed up in the familiar phrase, "that tired feeling," mean impure blood.



## To Purify the Blood

there is no medicine equal to Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It not only cleanses the blood, but revitalizes it. It puts a spring into the step and a sparkle into the eye that mean health. It restores the lost appetite, induces refreshing sleep, and reduces the liability to disease by changing the conditions essential to the development of disease germs.

## Always Ask for Ayer's.

"As a spring medicine during the months of March, April, and May I know of no other preparation that can begin to compare with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the leader of leaders." W. A. WEISER, M.D., Bourbon, Ind.

"I cannot speak too highly in praise of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. From experience, I can recommend it as the best spring medicine." ISAAC S. SPARKS, Patsey, Ky.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for years, and highly recommend it. As a spring medicine, it has no equal." A. B. NICHOLS, Ellery Street, Cambridge, Mass.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been a household companion in our family for years. I take it every spring, beginning in April. It tones up my system, gives me an excellent appetite, and makes me sleep like a top. As a blood medicine, it has no superior in my opinion." H. R. WILDEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is without an equal as a blood purifier and spring medicine, and cannot have praise enough. I have watched its effects in chronic cases, where other treatment was of no avail, and have been astonished at the results. No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

**Your druggist sells AYER'S: \$1.00 a bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.**

### ROSE & DAVIS

—THE—  
**Blacksmiths**  
—AND—  
**Wagon-makers,**

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.



### 30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain and that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Underdevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write to-day for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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### SPRING 1899.

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